MÉLANGES PHILOSOPHIQUES ET LITTÉRAIRES

P. MENARD

1832

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MELANGES,

PHILOSOPHIQUES

ET

LITTERAIRES;

PAR P. MENARD.

CHARLESTON:
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IMITATION

Du Pseaume ' Super flumina Babylonis.'

QUAND nous étions sur la rive étrangère
Où de l'Euphrate ou voit couler les eaux,
Ton souvenir charmait notre misère—
Chère Sion, lieu de notre repos ;
Nos tristes voix, et nos lyres muettes
Ne formaient plus de sons mélodieux :
Pour nous, hélas ! il n'était plus de fêtes,
Nous gémissions sur ces bords odieux.

Ceux dont les mains avaient forgé nos chaînes
Nous répetaient, chantez en liberté ;
Comment le chant eut il calmé nos peines.
Parmi les fers de la captivité ?
Le doux sommeil nous privait de ses charmes,
Nos nuits n'étaient qu'un cerele de douleurs,
Et sans cesser nos funestes allarmes,
Le jour naissant nous retrouvait en pleurs.

Jerusalem, ton image chérie
S'offrait à nous au sein du déplaisir,
Chacun de nous avait l'ame attendrie,
Et sur ton sort ne pouvait que gémir ;
Que faisais tu, cependant, cité sainte ?
Tes cris sans cesse appellaient tes enfans,
Ils n'etaient plus assis dans ton enceinte,
Sur tes autels ils n'offraient plus d'encens.

Ah ! si nos cœurs, O demeure Sacrée,
Pouvaient un jour oublier tes attraits,
Que les clartés de la voute azurée
A nos regards se cachent pour jamais !
Console toi, Babylone punie
Pour t'abaisser forme de vains désirs.
Et tu verras ta cruelle ennemie
Par ses tourmens payer tes longs soupirs.

ODE

TIREE DU CANTIQUE DE ZACHARIE,—LUC. I

Benedictus Dominus, &c.

Bénissons le Seigneur, le vrai Dieu d'Israel ;
Il a fait parmi nous éclater sa puissance !
De son peuple chéri, son amour paternel
A consommé la délivrance

Du fortune David, il a dans sa bonté,
Pour son culte éternel récompensé le zêle,
Et dans sa maison sainte un Sauveur suscité
Visite la race mortelle.

Le Seigneur a parlé par la voix de ses Saints,
Des oracles du ciel fidelles interprètes ;
Il a manifesté ses merveilleux desseins
Par l'organe de ses prophètes.
Oui, sa parole est stable, et ne trompe jamais ;
Abraham, tu reçus la promesse sacrée
Qui doit pour tes enfans couronnés de bienfaits,
Des temps égaler la durée.

Où sont nos oppresseurs? leurs cris audacieux
D'Israel consterne menaçoient l'héritage ;
Mais du maître puissant qui règne au haut des scieux
Un souffle a dissipé l'orage.
A servir notre Dieu consacrons chaque jour,
Et de son temple auguste inondant les portiques,
Justes, saints à ses yeux, célèbrons son amour
Par la ferveur de nos cantiques.

Heureux enfant! O toi qu'a nommé le Seigneur,
Pour l'emploi glorieux de préparer sa voie,
Au temps où de la terre enfantant son sauveur
Le Sein tressailleroit de joye :
Envoyé du Très—Haut, tes discours inspirés
Pourront marquer du ciel la sagesse prnfonde;

Et rappellant à lui les esprits égarés,
En l'éclairant sauver le monde.

O jours, à l'univers si chers, si précieux,
Il a déja paru ce Soleil adorable,
Et du sein de sa gloire, il a fait à nos yeux
Briller sa clarté secourable.
Oui, sa présence annonce une éternelle paix,
Et des tristes humains dissipe la nuit sombre :
Le voile est arraché, qui couvroit ses attraits ;
La vérité succède à l'ombre.

A son divin aspect, un vif et saint transport
Exprime le bonheur de la nature entière ;
Les malheureux assis dans l'ombre de la mort,
Ouvrent les yeux à sa lumière.

AN ESSAY ON RHETORIC.

Eloquence, says Mr. Campbell, has already been considered, and very justly, as having a particular connexion with language. It is through language only that our sentiments can be conveyed into the minds of others, in order to produce a certain effect upon them. The Orator should possess the art of speaking as well as that of thinking, the former, deriving its origin from the latter, and the latter owing its effects to the former.

Grammar and criticism are the means by which the study of language is facilitated. and the power is extended to give it that stability which the mutability of custom might check by innovation, to suppress every unlicensed term, to reprobate every improper expression, and to give greater precision and beauty to our style. Such indeed, is the influence of custom, that it will assume, as Horace expressed it, 'the right and standard of the language.' Criticism, however, in its own sphere, rules, and opposes a barrier to the many evils that might arise from the too extensive dominion of custom.

Precision signifies that simplicity of language, which presents a clear and distinct view of the subject, unobstructed by unnecessary ornaments that would divide our attention, and instead of gratifying the mind, would tend to embarrass and confuse it. This thought

was well illustrated by the sagacious Montaigne, when he observed, that were an animal to be brought to his view, of whose structure he wished to form a distinct notion, he should desire all its trappings to be taken off, that there might be nothing to call his attention from the principal object in view.

It is by neglecting to be precise, that writers who stand conspicuous in the literary world, incur the severe judgment of the critics, who scan their merits, and who, probably, would otherwise have ranked amongst the most distinguished writers of the age. The feeble rival of Virgil, the author of the Pharsalia, to whom, a few encomiasts have not hesitated to allow the poetical sceptre, wrested from the Mantuan Bard, was justly criticised for this defect. With an elevated mind, original fire and splendid ideas, Lucan is wanting in the essentials of propriety. His genius knows no law; he is deficient in what constitutes a great man, solidity of judgment, of thought, and the art of rejecting superfluous ornaments. Ardent and tumid, he seldom attends to the fitness of things in the illustration of his characters. An untutored sailor is made to speak like a Cæsar and Pompey. Precision, is by him, sacrificed to puerilities magnified by his descriptive powers. The unvaried gaudiness of his imagery, tires the mind, and compels the attention to wander until it loses entire sight of the principal object. With

him, common beings assume a gigantic form. Like Homer, Lucan however, possesses universal learning, but he is wanting in simplicity and precision.

The writer should always rise with the importance of the subject, and never exhibit low incidents that do not exactly consort with the grandeur of the scene. He should beware of imitating that foolish enthusiast, who attempting to describe the seas, and the fugitive Hebrew pursued by the Egyptian oppressor, gives to his reader the novel entertainment of a child who leaps for joy at the sight of a pebble, while the mother is distracted by the awfully surrounding spectacle. How insignificant is this description, when compared with that of the sacred composer of the immortal hymn commemorative of the passage of the Israelites, that through its abrupt and rapid language, preserves a noble simplicity and precision. No trifling circumstance intervenes to divert the mind from the majesty and power of a God. The torrent of praise bursts from the contemplation of the subject, adequate to its grandeur and terrific circumstances. The enemy said 'I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil, my revenge shall be satiated upon them, I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them, thou blewest with thy breath, the sea covered them, they sunk as lead in the mighty waters.'

Perspicuity is the next essential quality of style con-

sidered by grammarians, not as merely a sort of negative virtue and freedom from defect, but as having the higher merit of positive beauty. Offences against perspicuity should be carefully avoided. They may arise from several causes: from the use of certain elliptical expressions, that occasion obscurity; from the use of the same word in different senses, the same sentence by which the expression may be darkened; from an uncertain reference in pronouns and relatives; from the structure of the sentence being too much complicated or too artificial; from the injudicious introduction of technical words and phrases which are but the peculiar dialect of a particular class, and from very long sentences, which cause of obscurity is generally conjoined with all the defects we have enumerated.

It must be observed with regard to ellipses, the use of which, more or less, is perceptible in almost all compound English sentences, that it was introduced into language from desire, by abbreviating the discourse, to render it more lively, graceful, and interesting, and even sublime; for according to the remark of the celebrated Horne Tooke 'all improvements in the language have been produced by abbreviation.' But the mind should readily supply the words suppressed. Ellipsis should be authorised by use, that sovereign arbiter in point of language, which does not

allow it always in prose, where it is sometimes abrupt and unpleasant. In the same way the pleonasm, its very opposite, should be sanctioned by custom that never authorises it but to give greater energy to language, or to express in a clearer manner the internal feelings with which we are affected.

Grammatical discordances and amphibologies should be carefully avoided. The construction of the words must not be contrary to analogy; nor bring together dissimilar ideas, between which no affinity is perceptible to the mind. The French orators will not allow gallicisms, that, from the irregular form of sentences, may impair perspicuity, and to which even a long practice has given no sanction. In the solemn, oratorical style, they have but few, and those even of a peculiar nature.

Perspicuity, says d'Alembert, illustrating the remark of Quinctillian, is the fundamental law of discourse. '*Prima est eloquentiæ virtus perspicuitas.*' It consists in being understood with ease. This is effected by fixing the ideas, each in its natural order, and by expressing each of these. They are expressed by avoiding ambiguous meanings, long sentences, with incidental and accessory ideas, and epigrammatic conceits; which last, though not excluded from oratory by Cicero, should be avoided in serious composition, for the orator should recollect that the *gen-*

eral taste is to be satisfied as the approbation sought for is always *general.*

The thoughts of some writers seem forever surrounded, by a dense cloud, impervious to the light of reason. Before we write, let us learn how to think. As our idea is more or less intelligible, so is our expression of it more or less pure and perfect. What is well conceived is clearly enunciated, and words easily flow to convey it.

Style, which we shall next consider, is often mistaken for diction, though there is a material difference betwixt them. Diction is only applied to the general and grammatical qualities of the discourse, such as correctness and perspicuity ; these should prevail in any composition, and can be acquired by the study of the language, and by the habit of writing. Style is applied to the peculiar requisites more difficult to acquire, which indicate the particular genius of the writer, such as the propriety of terms, eloquence and ease, precision and harmony, adaptation to the subject, &c. &c. Style relates more to the writer, Diction to the work written. Thus we say, that an author has a good style, when he possesses the art of perspicuity and grace in expounding his ideas, and that the Diction of a work is good when it is written in a manner suitable to the subject. The proprieties of elocution are Rhetorical tropes, united to elegance, clear-

ness of style and purity of language. It may be said of a writer, that his style is good, but that his diction does not enough conform to the strain he has adopted; and finally, that his elocution is not always, that which is suitable to eloquence.

The masters of the art have reduced to three kinds, the modes of writing; the sublime or the elevated, the simple, and the temperate styles. The first is distinguished by dignity and majesty in composition; the thoughts must be noble and lofty. The expressions grave and harmonious: The effect it produces is admiration; nay, its digressions are beauties when taste presides over them. There exists, however, a difference betwixt the sublime style, and what is denominated the sublime. The latter seizes, transports, and suddenly agitates the soul. It is a sudden and instantaneous splendor: The former can hold a long while, it proceeds with an elevated tone and in a stately and majestic manner: Such, with an occasional pomp, which looks wonderfully like bombast, may be considered the style of Johnson.

We shall here introduce specimens of both in a few instances, taken from two celebrated writers:

'I have seen the impious man worshipped on earth: Like the Cedar, he rose with towering pride, he seemed to rule the thunder, tramples upon his conquered foes. I went by, lo! he was no more.' The

descriptive part of this sentence belongs to the sublime style, though it is not sublime: the close is truly so, though not stamped with the elevation of style.

There is a sublimity in the answer of Medea to the question, 'what remains for you?' 'I.' This single letter expresses more than multiplied words. 'What should I be, said Prussia to Nicomede?' 'A King,' was the answer. 'How do you expect to be treated by me,' says Alexander to Porus whom he had defeated in battle. The reply, 'as a King,' is characterised by true sublimity, derived in all these instances from the elliptical expression.

On the day when Rome and Alba contended for the ascendency of their respective Kingdoms, six champions were to decide the quarrel by single combat. They fought—the silent multitude trembled at every blow—'*Horror ingens, spectantes perstringet.*' Two of the Romans were slain; the third, seemed by flight, to beg for mercy. Little thinking that victory was to crown him, a citizen carried the sad tidings to the anxious father who heard them with a burst of indignation. 'What,' said the informant, 'had he in his power to do against three?' 'To die,' was the Roman answer.

The celebrated works given by Longinus from Moses, belong to the true sublime, from the strong conception it conveys, says an elegant writer on the art

of oratory, of an effort of power, producing its effects with the utmost velocity and ease. 'And God said, let there be light, and there was light.' Here any change in the style would degrade the thought.

We generally find that in the descriptions of the Supreme Being, which beautify the sacred writings, the manner of presenting the object arises in proportion to its grandeur, and we observe consciousness and simplicity blended with strength, and with bold and animated figures.—Whether it was owing to the early ages of the world being peculiarly favorable to the fire of sublimity, or to the particular mode of construction of the sacred language, we will not at this time inquire: certain it is, that no productions, ancient or modern, offer so many instances of the sublime and majestic as the inspired writings. 'If,' says the celebrated Rousseau, 'the ode ranges in the sublime and the pathetic, those two great springs of poetry, no composition so justly deserves the name of odes, as David's Psalms; for where can any thing be found more divine, or in which inspiration is better felt? If the poetic enthusiasm ever warmed my bosom, it was at the time I composed my sacred odes, in imitation of the Psalms. What an abundance of images! What a variety of figures! What a sublimity of impressions!' We need not, then, wonder, if mankind admire those precious remains of antiquity in which are discovered

some rays of the light and majesty, sparkling in the holy effusions of the royal psalmist, whether he treats that most sublime, and at the same time most abstract of all subjects, the Providence of God, or whether to praise him, he calls on the inferior beings moving on earth, in air, or water. The eighteenth psalm, where an appearance of the mighty is described, presents an assemblage of the most awful and sublime ideas.—On beholding the vast expanse of thought, we cannot help exclaiming with hallowed enthusiasm,

> 'A poet he, and touch'd with heaven's own fire,
> Who with bold rage and solemn pomp of sound
> Inflames, exalts and ravishes the soul,
> Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad,
> Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.'

The genius of Homer, from whom is computed the second era of poetry amongst the Greeks, is also distinguished by the union of sublimity, vigor, and noble simplicty. Great, even when he declines, he was justly compared to the sun, either in his setting grandeur, or when, in the majesty of a God, he 'shoots his burning arrows o'er the plain.' In his Illiad, he seems, (to use the expression of his harmonious translator,) his own Jupiter, clothed in his supremest terrors, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens. An instance of the sublime in style, appears in the twentieth book of that wonderful production of hu-

man genius. While the tumult raged terrible, attesting the power of the gods, an awful magnificence adding to the fury of the fight—

'Deep in the dismal regions of the dead
The infernal Monarch rears his horrid head;
Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should lay
His vast dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhor'd by men, and dreadful e'en to gods!'

Milton's genius, like Homer's excursive, is in like manner conspicuous for the sublimity of thought, and majestic force of description. The representation of Satan, after his fall appearing at the head of his infernal hosts, 'darkened, but shining above them;' that of the angels tearing up and bearing in their hands mountains by their shaggy tops uplifted, are instances of the sublime language.—We need not dwell on the numerous passages pointed out by the judicious Addison, to the admiration of the literary world.

Judgment should direct the writer in regard to the propriety, while aiming at sublimity of style. He must beware of first attempting at elevation, but proceed in a moderate, easy, subdued and harmonious strain, promising but little to effect much, growing firm and vigorous by proper exertions, as he proceeds, and aspiring to higher, by gradual steps, until through his creative power, the destinies of nations

may be unfolded, the glories of future times may burst upon the astonished mind, and the whole subject, whatever it be, may with a high, unqualified effulgence, rise gratefully upon and enchain the imagination; a gentle horror is felt along the nerves, and a pleasing fear glides over the senses.

'————This doctrine of the wise,
Well knows the master of the flying steed;
First from the goal, the managed coursers play
On bended reins, as yet, the skilful youth
Repress their foamy pride; but every breath
The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells,
Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.'

But should a writer, deviating from this wise doctrine, promise wonders, whose feeble powers could not sustain the adventurous attempt, what will be the result? Horace has given the answer in a ludicrous verse that strongly marks with ridicule the ambition of him who has not a wing proportioned to the extent of his eye-sight:—

'Parturient montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.'

How much more to the purpose, adds the ingenious satirist, 'he who meditates not to produce smoke from the flash, but out of smoke to elicit fire; that from thence he may bring forth his instances of the marvellous with striking beauty.'

It may not be improper, here, to glance at the peculiar characteristics of the style in poetry. It is often adorned by inversions which are cautiously admitted in prose, though they may be successfully employed, to impart energy and grace, and not unfrequently, clearness and perspicuity. It places the regimen before the governing word, disdains the active, and adopts the passive voice, contrary to the usual prosaic mode. It calls individuals by peculiar names, such as the 'son of Peleus,' the 'Shepherd of Sicily,' the 'Swan of Mantua,' the 'Songster of Achilles,' the 'Tenth Muse,' alluding to the all-hearted woman, Sappho. The year is, poetically, the 'great circle performed by the succession of months.' Time is the 'moveable image of unmoveable eternity,' or an old man never stopt in his rapid flight, wielding the scythe of ceaseless destruction. Poetry gives a body to spiritual things, and life to inanimate creation. Minerva is prudence, Venus is beauty, the vapor that produces the thunder is Jove, armed to terrify the earth; a storm, with its impending horrors threatening the mariners, is Neptune in his wrath loudly speaking to the waves; Echo is no longer the replication of a sound, floating in the airy space, but a nymph in tears, complaining of Narcissus. Thus, Poetry imparts a charm to every object, and meets with flowers ever opened under its touch. The poet often seems to be moved

by inspiration, and as heaven's favorite, feeling its secret influence, ranges in a superior sphere, the creation of his own fancy. It is thus that through the mysterious scenery of Homer, styled the interpreter of the gods, sentiments are expressed to the eye, objects become sensible images, and, as if touched with a magical power, all seems embodied, to live, to speak, and to move.

The simple style admits only of natural graces; often 'when least adorned, adorned the most,' unattended with sonorous phrases, or rounded periods, it appears in its genuine charms of natural thought, and speaks the artless language of the understanding and the heart: a pleasing animation breathes through it; its aim is instruction, and it is usually applied to familiar conversation, to letters and fables: Though the pen of Julius Cæsar has proved that it may be made one of the greatest ornaments of the historic muse.

The temperate style holds a middle place between the sublime and the simple; bearing the characteristics of the latter, yet receiving every ornament and coloring of elocution from the former. These three denominations may be combined in composition. The style must rise or fall with the subject. As in matter, particular links are joined by secret ties, so in style, should every thing be held in close compact, while the cord that binds it, is itself imperceptible. A pro-

per regard should be had to transitions and connexions. The tints should be insensibly strengthened or weakened—unless the imperious abruptness of the subject should effect a change in the manner of treating it, and in the *temperate* style this abruptness could never occur.

The style of Prose may be periodical or broken in all kinds of works. In the former, propositions and sentences are connected by the sense itself, or by conjunctions; in the latter, all the parts are independent, and without reciprocal connexion. The periodical style, though less vivid and splendid than the former, has two advantages over it, that of being more harmonious, and of holding the mind in a state of continued suspense; drawing the attention, already pleasingly awakened and on the stretch, and by insensible impulses, following the orator through the period, thereby preserving the impression supposed to be made by the exordium. Both, however, may be alternately used with proper distinction; for each has its particular method, form, and laws, in the form and dress which Taste and Judgment have defined as suitable to the subject, whether relating to Oratory, History, or to more familiar matters.

Memory, Wit, Reason, Sentiment and Imagination, impart the strength, harmony and beauty, which result from their various operations. Memory exposes

the subject in a plain, uniform, and rapid manner. It avoids studied reflections, romantic or poetical descriptions, and rhetorical artifice. Wit is to spread charms by diversified, ingenious and vivid representations of men and things. It requires allusions, contrasts and pointed epigrams. Reason reflects and judges with severity, analyses with precision, unfolds to extent, resumes with method, and pronounces with dignity. Sentiment expresses with freedom, pathos, and in an insinuating manner. It apostrophizes in an animated strain, exclaims and repeats with energy, and utters pressing solicitations. Finally, Imagination calls its imitative powers; enthusiastic, original, creative, it displays with profusion the pomp of metaphor, the striking effects of comparison, the picturesque allegory, and the melody of inversion.

The style can also adapt the sounds to the movement of the action described; so as to produce a kind of conformity of sound to sense, or the influence of resemblances between the signs and the things signified; for every language comprehends all the properties fit to exercise such power, either from the nature of primitive sounds, or from their mixture and combination. 'The imitative power,' says the writer I first mentioned, 'must be greatest, when the subject itself is things audible. One sound may surely have a greater resemblance to another sound, than it can

have to any thing of a different nature. In the description, therefore, of the terrible thunder, whirlwind and tempest—of the cooling zephyr and gentle gale —or of any thing that is sonorous, the imitation that may be made by the sound of the description, though the resemblance, even here, if abstractedly considered, will certainly be more perfect than can be well expected in what concerns things purely intelligible, or visible, or tangible.' Hear Mr. Pope's attempt at imitation:

'Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrents roar.'

Another instance from his translation of a passage much admired in Homer:

'Up the high hill he heaves a huge, round stone,
The huge, round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground.'

The following description of a serpent, by Tasso, who, according to the commentator on Milton, surpasses any other attempt, well deserves our notice in what concerns things purely visible.

The translation given herewith can afford no adequate idea of the force and elegance of the original; and, in fact, a paraphrase however well done would fall short of the admirable adaptation of sound to sense in the description:—

'Aloft his head and squalid breast he held,
Bestreak'd with gold; his neck with anger swell'd;
Fire fill'd his eyes; he hid the path beneath;
And smoke and poison issued with his breath.
Now in rich curl his scaly length he wound;
Now trailed his opening folds along the ground.'

The next passage is from Paradise Lost. In Milton's description of the opening of Hell's gates, in which the imitative power of the articulate is very distinctive:

'On a sudden fly
With impetuous recoil, and jarring sound,
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder.'

But how sweetly are his numbers flowing in the following lines, fourth book of the same poem:

'Now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils.'

And in the Allegro, where rural pleasures are described:

'When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs sound
To many a yonth and many a maid,
Dancing in the checker'd shade.'

The next citation, from Dyer, will be noticed as an excellent attempt of this way:

'The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his orison, hears
Aghast the voice of time disparting towers.

Tumbling all precipitate, down dashed,
Rattling round, loud thundering to the moon.'

The movement of the next lines, from Gray's Progress of Poetry, truly exhibits the expression of majesty and grace :—

'Slow melting strains the queen's approach declare;
Where'er she turns, the graces homage pay;
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state, she wins her easy way;
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love.'

These verses, glowing with attic beauty and exquisite taste, recall to our mind Milton's representation of Eve :

"Grace was in all her step, heaven in her eye,
In all her gestures dignity and love."

I shall conclude with an extract from that celebrated Ode, 'Alexander's Feast,' in which the measures of the grave, iambic, the brisk trochaic, and rapid anapest alternately express dignity, joviality and frantic rage.

'The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around;
A present deity the vaulted roofs resound.
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.
Bacchus ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure,—
Revenge! Revenge! Timotheus cries:
See, the fairies rise!
See, the snakes that they rear!
How they hiss in their hair!
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes,
Behold! how they toss their torches on high!
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy,
And the king seized a flambeau in zeal to destroy.

Thus, through the various combinations of long and short syllables in a sentence, the sound is made an echo to the sense, as Pope expresses it, from being susceptible of an affinity to the subject, by which the impression is to be a considerable degree strengthened. And here it is proper to observe, with a judicious critic, that although the feet employed in ancient poetry are not in strict propriety applicable to the measures adopted by the English prosody; yet there is a rythmus in the English poetry plainly discernible by the ear, and bearing at least some analogy to the Greek and Latin feet, the iambic verse admitting the spondee or the anapest, for protracting or for quickening the expression. It is also remarkable, that though

the English language may be outdone in a particular excellence of sound by the Italian, or French sweetness, the Spanish majesty, or perhaps the German bluster; yet none of them is, in this respect, so various as the English, and can equal it in all its qualities.

Eloquence, or the art of persuasion, was highly cultivated throughout the ancient times; but only rose to a conspicuous degree at those periods when governments felt the love of freedom, and orators sprung to breathe the public spirit into their countrymen, and to guard their sacred rights. The strength of their eloquence, like Minerva's Ægis, protected their liberties, quickened their patriotic feelings, and prompted them to generous deeds. From this source spread the vehement and rapid olynthiaes and philippics of Demosthenes, the splendid and persuasive orations of Cicero, which enchained the attention of the popular assemblies of Greece and Rome, and still claim our individual admiration.

I have named Greece, whose present state awakes in every bosom the most lively sympathies, on whose soil sweet poesy once blended its blossoms with the palms of manly eloquence; whose classic stores spread the treasures of intelligence into far-distant lands, and whose wise laws illumed the Roman mind. Blessed with the dawn of freedom, that broke upon her like the vision of the past, we saw her witnessing

the revival of her Spartan bands ; the soul of Leonidas seemed to blow the immortal flame. But, alas ! the ruthless spoiler came ; the soldier of Ismael covered her fair soil with slaughter and desolation. Behold him, in his barbarian warfare, insulting, profaning the "shrine of majesty," laving his bloody arms amongst the lilies of the Eurotas ; and upon the graves and sad remains of what was once the famed Sparta, grinning a ghastly smile, while musing over the unmanly extermination.

Summit of Taygetus ! Banks of the Paneus ! Silent vales of the beautiful Tempe ! fields of Athens ! days of Olympic glory ! wretched Greece ! who is to rescue thee from thy tyrants—will thy warriors and thy Gods? O may we soon behold the redemption of that ill fated country whose brave, but helpless sons were doomed too long to suffer wretchedness and oppression, to be butchered or enslaved. May the triple strength, once on the side of justice and humanity, stay the progress of desolating war, and may the recent glorious events hasten, under the protection of the all-ruling power, a consummation devoutly to be wished. May that once flourishing land rejoice at the sight of the fallen classic column again uplifted ; and smile amidst the serene enjoyment of the blessings of agriculture and arts, and of a wise legislation. Then will every virtuous mind exult in

the contemplation of the happy result, and every feeling heart will beat with philanthropic rapture.

The power and charms of eloquence are best displayed in well regulated governments, when a rational freedom prevails under the equitable system of universal toleration; when the liberty of the press extends its influential light through all the social classes, and disseminates those blessings which in other governments are blighted by the jealous interference of censorship, or by the oppressive policy of ministerial power.

"The people of the United States," says an impartial observer, "are remarkable for the possession of the talent of eloquence, in legislative debate and at the forum. Our peculiar institutions, the freedom of discussion secured to us by the laws, the jealousy with which public and private rights are guarded, all create a demand for this talent, and accordingly it is supplied. They can boast of an Adams, a Jefferson, both illustrious oracles of wisdom and eloquence, whose names were long since inscribed in the rolls of Fame. New-York is proud of the learned and acute Hamilton; Virginia, of the inspired Patrick Henry, (to use the expression of the celebrated Philips;) S. Carolina, of William Lowndes, a name that should ever live where merit and genius are held in estimation. To these illustrious names, we may add that

of Emmett, who by his long residence in his adopted country, became identified with our institutions and eloquence, while he preserved the characteristics of the Irish elocution, warm, animated and glowing.—The muses have also shed a tear over the lamented Crafts, the impressive speaker and the sweet bard.

I need not bring to your thoughts so many worthies from this and other points of the Union, who, being impressed with the swelling sentiment of true patriotism, either command the applause of a listening Senate, or are heard in the House of Representatives, the eloquent and energetic defenders of their country's rights. Eloquence is also daily displayed in civic addresses, public orations, and eulogies ; patriotism pervades every heart, beams in every eye, breathes the sublimity of thought, the strength and harmony of language from which flows the charm of persuasion. Vehement, yet temperate ; calm, yet impressive, the speakers argue to the mind, address the heart, and by an irresistible power, triumphantly carry conviction.

May the Constitution of the United States, that firmly secures to them so many blessings, rally around it eloquence and patriotic virtues ! May it ever be the unerring guide of governments, beneath the Omniscient eye above, starting into a new political existence !

To close with the memorable words of the Sage of Lagrange, once blessed with the paternal adoption of the American Father, and whose happiness and fame were interwoven with the glory of the rising empire, whose destinies he depicted—"May this immense temple of freedom ever stand as a lesson to the oppressor, an example to the oppressed; and may these United States attain that complete splendor and prosperity, which will illustrate the blessings of their government, and for ages to come, rejoice the departed souls of their founders."

STANCES LYRIQUES,

A la mémoire due Général Warren.

De ce mont cher à la patrie,
Témoin de vos naissans exploits,
La liberté, puissant génie,
Vous vit ralliés à sa voix ;
Americains, ce temps de gloire,
En s'offrant à votre mémoire,
Enflamme vos généreux cœurs,
Ce temps, où votre noble zèle
S'ouvrit la carrière immortelle,
Qui vous vit libres et vainqueurs.

Qu'un monument, par sa structure,
Digne du nom de vos ayeux,
Annonce à la race future
Vos premiers combats glorieux ;
Le soleil ouvrant sa carrière,
Des premiers traits de sa lumière
Frappera son couronnement,
Et, quand des cieux il se retire,
Vous y verrez le doux sourire
Du dernier rayon expirant.

Warren, O trop chère victime !
De l'honneur illustre martyr,

Qui de ton zèle magnanime
Perdra jamais le souvenir !
Le tems peut dans son cours rapide
Ebranler la base solide
De nos monument précieux,
Mais ta gloire ne peut rien craindre :
Non, les traits ne sauraient atteindre
L'aigle qui plane au haut des cieux.

Les mâles accens de Tirtée,
Jadis entraînaient les guerriers,
Il chantait, leur âme excitée
Cherchait des moissons de lauriers ;
Par sa noble et fière harmonie,
Au nom sacré de la patrie.
Il les arrachait au repos ;
Mais plus puissant que le délire
Des fameux maîtres de la lyre,
Ton nom seul produit des héros.

Loin ces conquérans sanguinaires
Qui, signalés par la terreur,
De leurs lauriers imaginaires
Eralent le faste imposteur ;
Des peuples ils n'ont point l'hommage ;
Leur [illegible] ;
Et leur empire est détesté :

Ce héros est le seul auguste,
Dont le pouvoir aimable et juste
Donne aux peuples la liberté.

Au lieu de ces palais célèbres
Qu'érigea leur frivole orgueil,
Parmi des ruines funèbres,
Sous mes pieds gît un vil cercueil :
Je ne vois en lisant leurs fastes,
Que des fous, dans leurs projets vastes
Par un vain phantôme égarés ;
L'humanité douce et tremblante
Gémit de leur gloire sanglante,
Et de leurs titres abhorrés.

Ou sont, O superbe Palmyre,
Tes anciens charmes, ta splendeur ?
Je gémis quand je les admire,
Sur les débris de ta grandeur :
Cependant, la fidèle histoire
Transmet aux peuples la mémoire
Des bienfaiteurs du genre humain ;
Quand tout meurt, peuples et monarques,
On les voit triompher des parques,
Et braver l'arrêt du destin.

[TRANSLATION.]

BY THE REV. SAMUEL GILMAN.

LYRICAL STANZAS,

To the memory of General Warren, suggested by the laying of the Corner Stone on Bunker Hill, June 27, 1825.

On yonder mount, far-famed and lov'd
That saw your earliest banners meet,
Lo, Freedom's self, with rapture mov'd,
Beholds you rallying at her feet.
Americans, full well ye pay
That deep-remember'd, glorious day
The tribute of the generous soul.
That day, on which your chivalry
Started with triumph from its goal,
And made you conquerors—made you free!

A noble monument prepare,
Worthy the glory of your sires,
That may to future times declare,
Here first they lit their battle-fires.
There let the Sun, with splendor bright
Shed his fresh beams of rising light
Around its fair and towering head.
And let his latest, softest smile,
Still tinge that monumental pile
Before he seeks his evening bed.

Warren! thou victim but too dear!
  Heaven's illustrious martyr thou!
Who, when thy patriot deeds they hear,
  Will cease to pay the grateful vow
Time, as it speeds its rapid race,
May shake the solid granite-base,
  Whereon our monuments repose.
But thy renown may aught defy,
  Vainly the daring arrow goes
To pierce the eagle in his sky.

Tyrtaeus once, with magic song,
  The burning souls of warriors drew
The path of glorious strife along,
  To where the laurel harvests grew;
With loftiest, noblest harmony,
To make their dear-lov'd country free,
  He snatch'd them from obscure repose.
But ah, surpassing far the fire
That struck that ancient magic lyre;
  Heroes at thy mere *name* arose.

Not ours t'enshrine the warrior's name,
  Who spreads the rage of battle round,
Seeking imaginary fame
  By dazzling conquest's awful sound.
For him no nation pours its praise,
Tears roll along his blood-strewn ways.

Detested is his cruel reign.
But he, the just, the mild, alone
Erects within our hearts a throne.
Whose sacrifice is freedom's gain.

Beneath those far-fam'd palace walls
Erected by their doating pride,
Where Ruin's shadow darkly falls,
The mouldering coffin is descried.
I read upon their storied page
How fools, the wonder of their age,
Have been by phantoms vain misled.
While meek-eyed mercy, trembling, sighs
That glory from such deeds can rise,
And hears their names pronounced with dread.

Oh proud Palmyra! where are flown
Thine ancient splendor and renown?
My spirit breathes th'astonish'd groan,
As on thy ruins I look down.
But see how History's faithful page
Transmits to each succeeding age,
The memory of the good and great
When all beside—crowds, conquerors, kings—
Sink down amid forgotten things,
These rise and triumph over fate.

L'IRLANDE.

Verrons nous donc toujours ce peuple généreux
Faire de vains efforts contre le despotisme ?
Sera-t-il vain l'encens du pur patriotisme
Qui porte vers le ciel ses soupirs et ses vœux ?
Ne verrons-nous jamais un terme à ses misères !
Ses champs offrent partout le tableau du malheur,
Dans les prés, sur les monts, la harpe de ses pères
Fait murmurer au loin l'accent de la douleur.
Des familles en pleurs abandonnent ces rives,
Où l'azur d'un beau ciel éclaira leurs berceaux ;
O tendresse! O regrêts! j'entends leurs voix plaintives,
Dans leurs adieux touchans, réveiller les échos.
A l'aspect de leurs maux mon âme est attendrie ;
Veillez sur leur destin, O céleste bonté !
Sainte religion, amour de la patrie ;
D'un peuple qui soupire après la liberté,
Excitez les vertus, animez le génie.
Justice, aux souverains fais entendre ta voix ;
Bannis de leurs palais la sourde flatterie ;
Qu'ils apprennent enfin que le regne des lois,
Ainsi que pour le peuple est sacre pour les roîs ;
Qu'ils doivent des tyrans abhorrer les maximes,
Justes vengeurs des lois pour prévenir les crimes ;
Qu'ils doivent sagement répandre les bienfaits,
Et faire circuler l'abondance et la paix ;

Que les rois sont de Dieu l'image sur la terre,
Dont le pouvoir fatal par des coups de tonnerre
Ne doit point éclater ; que, bons et généreux,
Ils doivent essuyer les pleurs des malheureux,
Garder de leurs sujets la fortune et la vie,
Et la religion révérée et chérie.
Criez aux oppresseurs, que tout être pensant
Reçut la liberté de l'esprit tout puissant,
Pour adorer en paix sa bonté, sa justice,
Sans la force des lois qu'imposent les mortels,
Et tranquille en son culte, au pied des saints autels,
D'un cœur religieux offrir le sacrifice.
Tel est l'ordre éternel qu'un Dieu bon a dicté ;
C'est par ce grand bienfait que l'homme est son image,
De l'œuvre de ses mains il veut un pur hommage
Et l'homme intolérant insulte à sa bonté.
Obtenez, Irlandais, des palmes immortelles ;
Les peuples inquiets sur vous ouvrent les yeux ;
Toujours à votre culte, à vos devoirs fidèles,
Et dignes des bienfaits que vous gardent les cieux,
Du vertueux courage offrez nous les modèles ;
Soyez libres, soyez heureux.

ODE,

Sur les trois jours révolutionaires de Paris, 1830.

Fuis les charmes de la molesse
Qui peut subjuguer les héros,
Et dont la voix enchanteresse
Te berce en un fatal repos ;
Français ! vois déja la tempête
En grondant menacer ta tête ;
Préviens ses ravages affreux :
Préviens la foudre formidable
Qui dans sa chûte épouvantable,
T'environnerait de ses feux.

Mais j'apergois sur ton visage
Briller le feu des combattans ;
Je vois ton généreux courage
Frémir à l'aspect des tyrans.
Ce n'est plus ce terns d'infamie,
Où le monstre de l'anarchie
Remplissait la France d'horreurs ;
Cours, défends ta charte sacrée
Entends la patrie éplorée
Te dénoncer ses oppresseurs.

Un cri s'élève, un cri de guerre,
Mâle accent de la liberté,
Et roulant comme le tonnerre,
Ce cri partout est répeté.

Partout éclate l'héroïsme ;
Partout l'ardent patriotisme
Produit des triomphs nouveaux,
Charme des humains, sexe aimable,
Toi-même te rends redoutable,
Et combats avec les héros.

Parisiens ! votre noble zèle
Fixe les regards étonnés ;
Bientôt d'une gloire immortelle
Vos efforts seront couronnés.
Que vois je ! vos cœurs magnanimes
S'attendrissent sur les victimes
En foule tombant sous vos coups :
Si la valeur vous rend terribles,
La voix qui parle aux cœurs sensibles
Sait modérer votre courroux.

J'entends le cri de la victoire ;
Hommage aux illustres guerriers ;
Qui pourrait retracer leur gloire ?
Qui pourrait compter leurs lauriers ?
Français, de couronnes civiques
Couvrez leurs têtes héroïques,
A pleines mains donnez les lis.
Pourquoi pousser des cris funèbres ?
Ils sont vengés ces morts célèbres,
Dans leur triomphe ensevelis.

Ah ! puisse un bienfaisant génie
Présider au sort des Français !
Puissent au sein de la patrie
Revenir les beaux jours de paix !
Du fond de ta douce retraite,
Vétéran chéri, La Fayette,
Dirige tous ces mille bras :
A ta voix doit flotter encore
Le fameux drapeau tricolore,
Et les guider dans tes combats.

Philippe, le peuple unanime
Te choisit pour son souverain,
Parais, a sa gloire sublime
Attache ton heureux destin ;
Règne, gouverne avec sagesse,
Et crains la fertile souplesse
Des vils et dangereux flatteurs :
Songe que les conseils perfides
De la chûte des rois timides
Sont les tristes avant-coureurs.

Ouvre les pages de l'histoire
Vois quels sont les noms éclatans ;
Seule, la véritable gloire
Perce l'obscurité des tems ;
Vois ce Titus, noble modèle,
Toujours à l'équité fidèle,

Toujours regnant par ses vertus ;
Vois ce bon Henri qui s'empresse
A faire adorer sa tendresse
De ceux que son bras a vaincus.

Mais l'Italie, et la Belgique,
Et les généreux Polonais,
S'éveillent, leur chant héroïque
Répète celui des Français.
Puissent les trois jours mémoraqles,
Dont tous les siecles équitables
Rediront les brillans exploits,
Des peuples armer les courages,
Etre consolans pour les sages,
Etre une leon pour les rois !

ORATION.

Delivered at Tivoli Garden, on the Anniversary of the "Three Days of Paris."

Friends and Fellow Citizens:—It would be intruding somewhat on the joy we anticipated, at the approach of this Anniversary, to call your attention to the causes, which brought about the glorious event we are assembled to commemorate. Like mine your hearts beat with the feelings which animate the friends of freedom; and when I rise to address you, it is rather with a view to share, than to excite that lively enthusiasm, which you have already manifested, when the breezes first brought upon their bosoms the grateful hosannas of freemen, rejoicing in their glorious deeds. I behold around me the sons of men, whose chief glory it will ever be, to have heralded all mankind, along the path of liberty, and whose hearts are ever cheered with a new impulse, when any great event, in the history of nations, announces another triumph of reason and man over tyranny and power.

United with the people of France, they rejoice on this day, for that Revolution, which redeemed a generous people from oppression, and triumph along with them in those deeds, which forever put down the oppressor. We remember with unfeigned delight what emotions were produced in this country, by the intelligence of that glorious event. The applause was gen-

eral; the joyful sound was heard, and reached throughout this vast territory; and a general sympathy was felt by the entire American people. From whence, fellow citizens, emanated such sympathy—such concern in the fate of a brave people, and in the results of that recent revolution? From two causes, which must be obvious to those who are acquainted with the principles and feelings of America. Both were happily expressed in the address of the citizens of New York to the French people, immediately succeeding the affair, from which they received their impulse and expression. After congratulating them upon the moral triumph, achieved by themselves, and for themselves —for having obtained the reward of their exertions and their valor—and what is more gratifying to the best and highest feelings of our nature, in having, while re-conquering their freedom, exhibited a spirit of forbearance and mercy in the very ardor of the conflict; and of moderation and self control in the exultation of success; the address thus proceeds:— "Wherever the standard of freedom is raised, the eyes of the citizens of this Republic are turned with anxiety and hope. Whenever any conquest is gained for the rights of man—whenever tyranny or intolerance receives a shock, whether in the new or old world, in Mexico or Spain, in Peru or in Greece, we applaud and rejoice. So firm is our conviction that to be hap-

py, man must be free—so warm our sympathy with all who are struggling to regain the rights and the dignity of our common nature; with such sentiments and such feelings, imagine with what emotions we received the intelligence of the deliverance of France.—France, connected with us by so many recollections—France, the native country of our La Fayette, for we, too, claim his name and glory—France, our faithful ally in war, our friend in peace; where we never have been calumniated, misrepresented, or insulted—whose citizens have always visited us in kindness, and received us with courtesy. Yes! Frenchmen, generous and brave, we do indeed exult in your success, as if the triumph were our own. In every quarter of our land, we celebrate with public rejoicings, your deliverance." Such were the principles and sentiments of one city in the United States, and I exult in the belief, that on this subject, the whole American people are of one heart, one mind. They all pour forth these spontaneous effusions, and tell the people of France,—"Yours, indeed, is a true glory,—yours is a triumph, which the brave and the free, the wise and the good, in every country and in every age, will rejoice to celebrate. The day of delusion, of terror, is past; there is none in the splendor that we now behold. It is the sun that has risen in France,—a sun that rises never to set, and whose beams are as hate-

ful and fatal to licentiousness and anarchy, as to intolerance and oppression.

The effects of the revolution were soon felt by other nations, eager to realize, the cheering visions of liberty. The glorious light burst upon them with the emancipation of France; and, emulous of her happiness and fame; animated and inspired by her example and success—thousands of high and noble spirits, chafed by their chains, maddened by their sense of degradation, seized the favorable opportunity, to unsheath their slumbering swords, avenge their wrongs and cast off their oppressors. Amongst the States who rose in their might, to effect their deliverance, we behold the dismembered Poland! Her perilous struggle awakens all our sympathies for her fate, while the matchless valor of her children, commands our admiration. The chivalric, generous and faithful Poles, who presented their fidelity to the last and participated in the disaster and the common fall of the great man, and the unfortunate nation, have under the present autocrat, lost the only consolation, which in the reign of ALEXANDER, enabled them to support their misfortunes; namely, the hope of being themselves re united to their brethren. From that moment, all ties were broken; the sacred feelings that secretly burned in their bosom, were awakened, never again to slumber. An electric spark in a moment inflamed the army, the

capital, and the country. The Pole, who in his military migration, carried from country to country, his household gods, cried out for vengeance upon a political crime, by which his territory was dismembered and violated. He now sees a noble and patriotic band, rally around his unspofted standard, resolved to rescue their country from servitude, and determined on victory or death. Hear the energetic and pathetic strain—of these gathered heroes. "Full of confidence in the sanctity of our cause—in our own valor, and in the assistance of the Almighty, we will fight till our last gasp for liberty; and if providence has destined this land, to perpetual slavery; if in this last struggle, the freedom of Poland is to fall under the ruins of its towns, and the bodies of its defenders, our enemies shall only reign over deserts. Already the combat for our existence, our liberty, our independence, has begun. It is perhaps, the last! Our first fixed purpose, is gloriously to conquer or die. And we have sworn, that if it should please providence, to permit us to be subdued, we will never cease to be Poles. With eyes full of tears, and with bleeding hearts, we will leave the land of our fathers, with the priests of our holy faith, and repair to those distant regions of Asia, Africa and America, which the providence of God and hospitality shall point out—thankful to the giver of an asylum, where our nationality may be

permitted to survive." Such is the language of a people who for ten centuries, have guarded Europe in the East, and in the North; who believe that wherever they fought for the cause of liberty, they fought for their own country, and whose fondest hopes we every moment dread to believe though we are cheered by the intelligence of their continued success, may, perhaps, be blasted for ever.

Generous Americans, whose beneficence was extended to the classic land of Greece, and to the brave sons of Erin—whose miseries you have relieved! May we not cherish the hope that the same beneficence will reach this unhappy, but noble nation—their sons fought in the holy cause of your independence, and to you is reserved the glory of hastening that freedom which from the beginning of time had been marked for them by the Creator. With joy, we beheld the happy and illustrious LAFAYETTE, enlisting the feelings of your compatriots in favor of that gallant people, who had made the glory of France their own; and had risen and fallen with her almost ever varying destinies. His heart has felt the woes of the Poles, while his principles have animated their courage; for, from his cradle upward, he has ever approved himself the true devotee of Liberty, and the fearless friend of man; and in closing a long and glorious career, may he repose in either hemisphere, in the arms of a free and mighty

people, whom he has himself seen, and aided to emerge from the gloom of political servitude. His bosom will thrill with a proud and happy emotion, when contemplating their prosperity. The thought rises in his mind how largely he himself has contributed—fighting from youth to age, their battles of Freedom—and, when descending to his final rest, he may assure himself of an embalmed and glorious memory in their recollections forever!

Under such auspices—with the march of liberal principles, and, above all, under the protection of avenging Heaven, may the Poles obtain the glorious prize, and, ever faithful to their oath, "never cease to be Poles!" And, should only one remain of an exterminated race, he shall feel, that

"If there be on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering, Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws,
From the heart that bleeds, and breaks in her cause."

Friends, and Fellow Countrymen:—Let us, for ourselves, be thankful for the blessings of peace which have flowed, and will flow still, uninterrupted upon our joint countries of America and France; and for the special happiness we are enabled to enjoy, in a nobly organized and happy Republic, whose members have acknowledged the necessity of public spirit, associated with the love of virtue, to be the happiness of

any people, and who profess to be sensible of the great feelings which flow forever from them—from whose charter of independence springs a nobler counsel than that, which taught the proud Roman to look down with disdain on the polished and the intellectual arts of Greece, and deem as their only glory—

"To rule the nations with imperial sway,
To spare the tribes that yield, hew down the proud
And force the mood of peace upon the world."

No peace would they extend, but by persuasion and example; the moral force by which alone it can prevail amongst the nations. War, indeed, they would encounter; but it is in the sacred character of the injured and the wronged—to raise the trampled rights of humanity from the dust, to rescue the children of liberty from the prisons, and the scaffolds of the elder world, and to seat them in the abodes of felicity and honor among their brethren—to put a period to their warfare on the earth; and in the stars of her banner to hold forth a bright promise to the ages and nations of peace on earth, and good will to men. To carry humanity from the ridges of battle, and place her securely, and in triumph, on the *strong* rock of mutual conciliation, and by the cool and grateful, and untroubled waters of eternal peace.

FRAGMENT SUR LA GRECE.

Terre illustre, dont les enfans
Jadis heureux et triomphans,
Chantaient avec transport leur liberté sacrée ;
Terre chérie et révérée
De tout ennemi des tyrans,
Seras tu toujours déchirée?
Quel dieu peut rallumer, peuple, ce feu divin
Qui forma tes ayeux, et brula dans leur sein?
J'ai vu l'Islamisme féroce
Par le feu, par le fer, marquant son règne atroce,
Le sang Chrétien arroser tes autels,
Suspendre tes chants solemnels,
De l'arbre des tombeaux couvrir ta noble gloire,
Et profanant ton sol, jadis aimé des cieux,
Ne te laisser de tes ayeux,
Que la chère et triste mémoire.
Mais je vois refleurir tes antiques lauriers,
Peuple, lève ta tete altière ;
L'esprit de Miltiade anime tes guerriers,
Et les fiers Musulmans ont mordu la poussière.
L'heureux cri de la liberté
Par les échos du Taygete,
Aux rives du Penée est mille fois porté,
Et sur ses bords l'Eurotas le répète.
Le soldat d'Ismael en vain s'etait flatté
De planter le croissant au haut de tes collines,

Et de fouler aux pieds ces augustes ruines,
Monumens précieux de ton antiquité.
Pars, vole, O jeunesse héroique,
Brille comme aux beaux jours de la gloire Olympique :
Entends les mânes des trois cents
Menacer les nouveaux tyrans.
Jamais, O Grècs, plus illustre querelle
De vos pères n'arma le zèle ;
Pour vos plus chers trésors, comme eux vous combattez
C'est pour briser les liens détestés
D'une servitude cruelle ;
Pour venger votre culte et vois droits insultés.
Que ne peut achever l'ardeur des nobles ames ?
Je la vois enfanter des miracles nouveaux,
Et le feu divin des héros
Germe dans le sein de vos femmes.
Elles rappellent parmi vous
L'illustre Telesia, la fidèle Antigone,
Et mille guerriers sont jaloux
De la gloire qui les couronne.
Le jour de la vengeance a lui sur vos bourreaux :
Les mânes en courroux de chio désolée,
Soutant du fond de leurs tombeaux,
Et portent la terreur dans leur ame troublée,
En vain les rois Chrétiens, dans la pourpre endormis,
Gardent un silence ooupable,
Ou de votre grandeur par faiblesse ennemis,

Aident de Mahomet la secte formidable.
Par des principes éternels,
Votre cause sublime est celle des mortels.
Pour vous le patriote en tous lieux se déclare,
Et court s'unir à vos vengeurs ;
Comme vous, détestant un ennemi barbare,
La terre de Franklin produit des défenseurs.
Que de guerriers Français qui vivront dans l'histoire.
Vous offrent leur sang généreux ?
Tandis qu'un sexe épris de l'amour de la gloire,
Vous transmet ses dons et ses vocux.
Dans l'effroi, dans l'horreur des villes enflammées,
Le Dieu que vous servez, O Grecs, combat pour vous!
Sa main frappe l'impie en son juste courroux;
C'est le Dieu des Chrétiens, c'est le Dieu des armées.
Ah ! de Missolonghi quand les murs sont fumans,
Quand de vos cœurs ardens tout a trahi l'attente,
Le Turc mêle des pleurs a ses cris insultans,
Et déplore en secret sa victoire sanglante.
Tu n'es plus, O Byron, dont le cœur généreux,
Voyait dans l'avenir la Grèce triomphahte ;
Parmi tous ses lauriers serait elle expirante?
Et secraient ils frustrés ses efforts vertueux.
Ami des Grècs, O toi qui vis naitre l'aurore
Des beaux jours de leur liberté,
Du feu de ton génie anime les encore,
Et guide leurs travaux vers l'immortalité.

Parmi les horreurs du carnage,
Et le spectacle affreux de mères et d'enfans,
Par la flamme étouffés, sous le fer expirans,
Soutiens leur glorieux courage ;
Que ton ombre se mêle à leurs combats sanglans,
Et sois encor, Byron, l'effroi des Musulmans.

FINIS.